

# HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS SO TIRED

Yet you toss about all night, unable to sleep. It's your nerves that are unstrung. Weak nerves are starved nerves and you therefore need something to nourish and put vim and vitality into them. For this particular duty Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is highly endorsed by physicians. It is also invaluable in cases of POOR APPETITE, INSOMNIA, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, WEAK KIDNEYS, BILIOUSNESS AND MALARIA, FEVER AND AGUE. We hope you'll try it at once.

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH - BITTERS

### HOUSEKEEPERS OUGHT TO KNOW

Something about canned goods. Learn to buy certain brands that are known to be first class and that any grocer will recommend.

If you want the best goods that are reliable in purity and quality use

### PALACE and EPICUREAN CANNED GOODS.

Remember: "Money back if not satisfied", guarantee goes with every can.

Sold by all grocers.

### E. J. WALKER,

Wholesale Agent, Fort Street.

**THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.**  
**THERAPION.** This successful remedy, used in the Continental Hospitals by Blood, Bismuth, Jodine, Yellows, and others, combines all the desiderata to be sought in a medicine of the kind, and surpasses everything hitherto employed. It is a powerful and well-merited reputation for derangements of the kidneys, pains in the back, and rheumatism, affording prompt relief where other well-tried remedies have been powerless.

**THERAPION No. 2** for impurity of the blood, skin eruptions, eczema, blotches, pains and swelling of joints, gonorrhea, rheumatism, & all diseases for which it has been so much a fashion to employ mercury, arsenic, etc., to the destruction of sufferers' tools and ruin of health. This preparation purifies the whole system through the blood, and thoroughly eliminates all poisonous matter from the body.

**THERAPION No. 3** for exhaustion, sleeplessness, and all distressing consequences of overwork, worry, overwork, etc. It possesses surprising power in restoring strength and vigor to those suffering from the enervating influences of long residence in hot, unhealthy climates.

**THERAPION** is sold by the principal Chemists and Dispensaries throughout the world. Price in England, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. In order to state which of the three numbers is required, and observe that the word "THERAPION" appears on the British Government Stamp (the white letters on red ground) affixed to every genuine package by order of His Majesty's Revenue Commissioners, and without which it is a forgery.

### SPECIAL SALE

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### COTTON SILK

and Short Kimonos now on at

### FUKURODA'S

Hotel St., No. 28 to 32.

### WISE BUYERS

think not of what they pay, but of what they get for what they pay.

Experience has taught them that, dollar for dollar, the Remington is the best typewriter investment on earth.

J. H. Harrison, Agent.  
Hotel Street.

BEGINNING TO-DAY, SEPT. 26,

FASHION RESTAURANT

on Bethel street, rear of the Postoffice, will serve LAGER BEER with noon lunch.

MEALS 25c.

### The Miller Candy Co.

Will open today with a full line of Fresh Home Made Candies across the street from the restaurant, Hotel street.

Come and see the Candy Made.

## SISAL FROM KULA, MAUI

Hand Cleaned Samples  
Are of High  
Quality.

L. von Tempsky, manager of the Haleakala Ranch, has forwarded a sample of hand-cleaned sisal fiber grown in lower Kula, island of Maui, on land adjacent to the government land on Omaopio, which is being proposed to be turned into homesteads for sisal cultivation.

The fiber is five feet in length and of high quality. Specimens have been sent to the Tubbs Cordage Company of San Francisco for an official test.

The plants from which the fiber is cleaned are six years old, being some of the original plants given out by former Commissioner of Agriculture Joseph Marsden. The fiber is on exhibition in the windows of Pearson & Potter, Fort street.

### Register Now.

Clarinda: You can't keep a dog in your new flat?

Florinda: No, we had to give Fido away; but Frederick had his dear little bark put in our phonograph.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.



A SOUTH SEA MISSIONARY.

Micronesian Who is Doing Religious Work Among His Fellow Sinners.

## OHIO TENDERFOOT MADE GOOD

Cowpunchers Thought He Was Easy, But the Youth Tackled the Bad Broncho.

There are certain advantages in being a tenderfoot. You may not be fully conscious of them till you have passed the tenderfoot stage, but if you take any sort of interest in life you can hardly fail to appreciate in some degree the solicitude you arouse in the hearts of your entertainers. It is a fine thing to be held so dearly as to be warned and cautioned circumstantially against the perils that beset you in numbers you never even dreamed of when you set out to see the West.

The barn man at the ranch does not look the least like a humorist. His countenance is saturnine, his speech level and phlegmatic, his manner funereal. So, when he ostentatiously makes wide circles away from the quiet heels of the meek-looking horse he is saddling for you, and casually comments upon the beast's vices and virtues (about 16 to 17 you are impressed and grateful).

A cowboy approaches, steps cautiously to the broncho's head, looks long into his eyes, turns an anxious face upon you and then questions the barn man in a whisper.

"No, I don't think so," says the barn man, with a vast implication of doubt behind the assurance. "He was ridden once last week and he didn't act up very bad. He's been pretty decent since he broke Bill's leg."

Both men look carefully again into the horse's eyes, the cowboy goes abruptly into the barn with a gesture indicating that he washes his hands of the entire matter, and the horse is turned over to the tenderfoot. While he is mounting the whole barn and corral force stand looking on with somber, strained faces, and the young man from the East, with the red and the white chasing each other across his cheeks, wonders why on earth he ever grew tired of street cars.

If he only knew, the horse is the safest animal in all the region round, whom the ranchman's ten-year-old daughter has been riding to the post-office every day two months past. But every quiver in the compact bundle of sinew under him and every inquiring backward look from those big brown eyes sets him in a panic; and when the broncho, mistaking a timid pressure of the knees for a command to lope, moves off at a gate which is the perfection of ease and exhilaration, the tenderfoot gasps and gulps and shakes and "whoas" in frightful certainty that his time has come.

The first horse they gave to me was an odd-looking little roan with an eye like a cow's for gentleness. It took two men—at any rate two men worked half an hour—to saddle him. The broncho appeared to object to the cinches. Every time one of the men tugged at the straps the roan flung himself half across the corral, with the other man hanging desperately to the bridle. In this way the two chased him and pulled at him and admonished till every one concerned, particularly myself, was tired of the whole business.

But when I was on the brute he turned his head, gave me one reproachful look and trotted up the road as gently as an old family nag. I had suspicions then that there had been something queer about the performance at the barn; and these were most outrageously confirmed a little later when, finding the forward cinch had become loosened, I dismounted to tighten it. Roan stood as still as an angel horse while I, in my awkward way, tugged at the leather till the strap was tight. The men had been having fun with me at the roan's expense.

Pixy was my next mount. She was a little bay, with legs as trim as a race horse's, and an arched neck as

pretty as that of Cream, the would-be murderer. When I asked about Pixy's gait they told me it was a smooth, easy lope that would give me great pleasure; and I could look at the scenery while we loped. Pixy appeared to be a golden-rule sort of animal, so I did not worry.

I took the Lyons road, which climbs from the ranch houses into a pine forest extending almost to the top of the pass. I had just entered the woods and was letting Pixy trot sedately along, when there was a fuss of horse feet behind me. Up, in a jiffy, rode one of the cowboys of the outfit, giving a real merry yell as he passed me at a gallop and shot forward into the green archway.

To Pixy this was evidently a challenge she could not ignore, and without any preliminary gradations of speed she jumped into a frantic run. I could feel the little mare's belly settling down toward the ground as her forelegs reached for speed. The road was cluttered with stumps and rocks; limbs clutched at my face as we fled; curves and sharp declivities made the mare lurch and roll like a revenue cutter in a heavy swell.

I was much alarmed. I yelled "Whoa!" I pulled on the bit. I flopped from side to side and from neck to haunch reflecting hysterically on which way I'd better try to fall. My hat—a new and ornate sombrero bought extravagantly in Denver on my way up—instead of assisting me to ride, flew off, and I was swiftly disintegrating when Pixy, having seen the other horse at a walk some little distance ahead, suddenly stopped and stood, while I disengaged my right hand from her forelock and my left from the tangled reins.

I dismounted and walk around to have a look at the beast's eye. And then—would you believe it?—Pixy thrust her nose forward rubbed it playfully up and down my coat—looking, I suppose, for sugar. At the barn that evening the men expressed elaborate surprise that I didn't know what Pixy was.

"She's a race horse—cross between an English thoroughbred and a broncho. See them legs? She can outrun anything in the park."

And from the depths of the barn, as I moved away in some chargin, there came a sound of hoarse cackling; and I was sure it was no hen's.

There was one tenderfoot, though, who turned the tables on the whole barn crowd and showed them something new in broncho busting. He was a husky lad from somewhere in Ohio, who had come for a week's fishing in the Thompson, and spent considerable time idling about the corral.

One evening Nig went wrong over something—Nig, the most sedate thing that ever waddled on four legs. No broncho forgets that he is a broncho; and even in old age the outlaw spirit occasionally flares up. It would have been funny to see Nig doing burlesque stunts, if it had not been for the girl who was on his back. She was badly frightened, and when the small, black chunk of a horse came galloping toward the barn, her screams brought the barn man and two helpers out on the run.

"Stop him, you fellows!" shouted the barn man. "Get him quick!"

that?" asked the barn man in amazement.

"Just straight football," was the reply from Ohio. "Guess I didn't play left tackle last winter for nothin'."—New York Mail.

### Have You Registered?

IT IS DANGEROUS to neglect a cold. Pneumonia is one of the most dangerous and fatal diseases. It always results from a cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will quickly cure a cold and perhaps prevent an attack of pneumonia. It is in fact made especially for that ailment and has become famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world. It counteracts any tendency of a cold toward pneumonia. Can you afford to neglect your cold when so reliable a remedy can be had for a trifle? For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., Agents for Hawaii.

Johnny: What does it mean to take a thing philosophically?  
Mother: It's the way your paw pays his card debts, but not the butcher bill.—Ex.

Don't Fail to Register.

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Only Sunday  
Newspaper

# The Sunday Advertiser

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WEEK IN SOCIETY, SAYINGS OF BYSTANDER, SPORTING EVENTS, COMMERCIAL REVIEW, ASSOCIATED PRESS CABLEGRAMS, HALF TONE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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I have perfected a new Belt, better and stronger than I have ever made before—a "half man" into a belt which will transform the weakest, puniest specimen of perfect cyclone of strength and I want every man to use it. I want a test case. Therefore I offer \$1,000 in gold to any weak man who will use this Belt under my direction for four months and then show by examination of any reputable physician that he is not cured, sound and well.

This is especially directed to men who have doctored for years without benefit. I want men with Rheumatism, Pains in the Back, Weak Kidneys, Sciatica, Lumbago, Varicocele, Prostatic Trouble (I cure by a new method), Locomotor Ataxia, Torpid Liver, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. All of these troubles in chronic form I can cure with this new Belt, even after all other treatments have failed. To every weak, debilitated man who wears this new Belt I give my

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This attachment is made for the purpose of treating all special ailments of men, and assures a cure of all waste of strength, early decay and debility. Its current is invigorating and wonderful in power.

DR. McLAUGHLIN—Dear Sir: I have now been wearing your Belt about a month, and I wish to report that the Belt has benefited me in every way, so that today I feel like a new man. My back does not trouble any more, my nerves are stronger and my sleep is better than it has been in years. I want to thank you for the benefits I have derived from your method of treatment, and with kindest regards, I remain, yours very truly,

ED. HAYSING, Cucamonga, Cal.  
If you can call, come and see me, and I will show you my new Belt and prove to you that it is a wonderful device. You can feel the glowing current of life that flows into the weakened nerves. I will show you letters from your own neighbors telling how I cured them. I have over 50,000 testimonials in the past 21 years.

Write, and I will send a book describing my new method, with letters from many grateful men and women. If you write, send this ad, and I will send the book, sealed, free. Cut the ad. out and act today.  
DR. M. G. McLAUGHLIN, 906 Market St., San Francisco.

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